

1490. ee. 55

O D E S

ON

Various Subjects.

Ἐχόρευσε δ' ἀμφὶ σάν κιθάραν

Φοῖβε ποικιλόθριξε,

Νεβρὸς ὑψικόμων πάτραν

Βάνυσ' ἑλατῶν σφυρῶ κήφῳ,

Χάμεσ' ἑυφροῖνι μολπῇ.

EURIPIDES in *Alceste*:

By JOSEPH WARTON, B. A.
of Oriel College, Oxon.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-mall*;
and sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster Row*. 1747.

[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]

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ODES

A 2



ODES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

ODE I. TO FANCY.

O Parent of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,

No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.

O Nymph, with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand

An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,

Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast, various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;

O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water you reside,
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,

'Midst

'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cott was rear'd,
 Where NATURE seems to sit alone,
 Majestic on a craggy throne;
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest;
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,
 Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream,
 In converse while methinks I rove
 With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove;
 Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,

And

And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
 By the sweetly-soothing sound
 Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
 Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
 Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
 And VENUS keeps her festive court,
 Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,
 Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
 Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads;
 Where ECHO walks steep hills among,
 List'ning to the shepherd's song:
 Yet not these flowery fields of joy,
 Can long my pensive mind employ,
 Haste, FANCY, from the scenes of folly
 To meet the matron MELANCHOLY,
 Goddess of the tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh;
 Let us with silent footsteps go
 To charnels, and the house of Woe,

To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,
 With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
 Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;
 Or to some Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
 Where, to avoid cold wint'ry show'rs,
 The naked beggar shivering lies,
 While whistling tempests round her rise,
 And trembles lest the tottering wall
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.
 Now let us louder strike the lyre,
 For my heart glows with martial fire,
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat ;
 The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,
 Give me another horse, I cry,
 Lo ! the base GALLIC squadrons fly ;
 Whence is this rage ?—what spirit, say,
 To battles hurries me away ?

'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
 Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead;
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,
 And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield!
 O guide me from this horrid scene
 To high-archt walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely LAURA seeks, to shun
 The fervors of the mid-day sun;
 The pangs of absence, O remove,
 For thou can'st place me near my love,
 Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss,
 While her ruby lips dispense
 Unconscious nectar's quintessence!

When

When young-ey'd **SPRING** profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose,
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To **SUMMER** tells her tender tale,
 When **AUTUMN** cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
 When **WINTER**, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,
 At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, **FANCY**, hear.
 O warm, enthusiastic maid,
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
 Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
 O hear our prayer, O hither come
 From thy lamented **SHAKESPEAR's** tomb,

On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new, unequall'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
With terror shake, and pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t'attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like light'ning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critic's studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame encrease,
O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE!

ODE II.

TO LIBERTY.

O Goddess, on whose steps attend
 PLEASURE and laughter-loving HEALTH,
 White-mantled PEACE with olive-wand,
 Young JOY, and diamond-sceptred WEALTH,
 Blithe PLENTY with her loaded horn,
 With SCIENCE bright-ey'd as the morn,
 In Britain, which for ages past
 Has been thy choicest darling care,
 Who mad'st her wise, and strong, and fair,
 May thy best blessings ever last.
 For thee the pining prisoner mourns,
 Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light ;
 For thee pale slaves to galleys chain'd,
 That ply tough oars from morn to night ;

Thee

Thee the proud Sultan's beauteous train,
 By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
 Tearing the roses from their locks ;
 And Guinea's captive kings lament,
 By christian lords to labour sent,
 Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspir'd by thee, deaf to fond nature's cries,
 Stern BRUTUS, when Rome's genius loudly spoke,
 Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
 Nor turn'd, nor trembled at the deathful stroke !
 And he of later age, but equal fame,
 Dar'd stab the tyrant, tho' he lov'd the friend.
 How burnt the † Spartan with warm patriot-flame,
 In thy great cause his valorous life to end !
 How burst GUSTAVUS from the Swedish mine !
 Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine.

† Leonidas.

When

When heav'n to all thy joys bestows,
 And graves upon our hearts---BE FREE---
 Shall coward man those joys resign,
 And dare reverse this great decree?
 Submit him to some idol-king,
 Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
 Abhorring man, by man abhor'd,
 Around whose throne stands trembling DOUBT,
 Whose jealous eyes still rowl about,
 And MURDER with his reeking sword?
 Where trampling TYRANNY with FATE
 And black REVENGE gigantick goes,
 Hark, how the dying infants shriek,
 How hopeless age is sunk in woes!
 Fly, mortals, from that fated land,
 Tho' rivers rowl o'er golden sand;

Tho'

Tho' birds in shades of cassia sing,
 Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
 No storms disturb the smiling skies,
 And each soft breeze rich odours bring.

BRITANNIA, watch! -- remember peerless ROME,
 Her high-tow'rd head dash'd meanly to the ground;
 Remember, freedom's guardian, GRECIA's doom,
 Whom weeping the despotic Turk has bound:
 May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads & downs,
 (Fame, virtue, courage, property, forgot)
 Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
 Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot;
 On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
 Long as the surge shall lash thy sea-encircled land.

ODE

ODE III.
TO HEALTH.

Written on a Recovery from the SMALL POX.

O Whether with laborious clowns
In meads and woods thou lov'st to dwell,
In noisy merchant-crouded towns,
Or in the temperate Brachman's cell;
Who from the meads of Ganges' fruitful flood,
Wet with sweet dews collects his flowery food;
In Bath or in Montpellier's plains,
Or rich Bermudas' balmy isle,
Or the cold North, whose fur-clad swains
Ne'er saw the purple Autumn smile,
Who over alps of snow, and deserts drear,
By twinkling star-light drive the flying deer;

O lovely queen of mirth and ease,
Whom absent, beauty, banquets, wine,
Wit, music, pomp, nor science please,
And kings on ivory couches pine,
Nature's kind nurse, to whom by gracious heav'n
To sooth the pangs of toilsome life 'tis giv'n ;

To aid a languid wretch repair,
Let pale-ey'd Grief thy presence fly,
The restless demon gloomy Care,
And meagre Melancholy die ;
Drive to some lonely rock the giant Pain,
And bind him howling with a triple chain !

O come, restore my aking sight,
Yet let me not on LAURA gaze,
Soon must I quit that dear delight,
O'erpower'd by Beauty's piercing rays ;
Support my feeble feet, and largely shed
Thy oil of gladness on my fainting head :

How

How nearly had my spirit past,
Till stopt by METCALF's skilful hand,
To Death's dark regions wide and vast,
And the black river's mournful strand ;
Or to those vales of joy, and meadows blest,
Where sages, heroes, patriots, poets rest ;

Where MARO and MUSÆUS sit
Lift'ning to MILTON's loftier song,
With sacred silent wonder smit ;
While, monarch of the tuneful throng,
HOMER in rapture throws his trumpet down,
And to the Briton gives his amaranthine crown.

ODE IV.

TO SUPERSTITION.

HENCE to some Convent's gloomy isles,
Where chearful day-light never smiles,
Tyrant, from Albion haste, to slavish Rome,
There by dim tapers' livid light,
At the still solemn hours of night,
In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding tomb.
Thy clanking chains, thy crimson steel,
Thy venom'd darts, and barbarous wheel,
Malignant fiend, bear from this isle away,
Nor dare in Error's fetters bind
One active, freeborn, British mind,
That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy sway.

Thou

Thou bad'st grim MOLOCH's frowning priest
Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
Regardless of the frantic mother's woes ;
Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
To wond'ring India's golden plain,
From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo ! how swiftly art thou fled,
When REASON lifts his radiant head ;
When his resounding, awful voice they hear,
Blind IGNORANCE, thy doating fire,
Thy daughter, trembling FEAR, retire ;
And all thy ghastly train of terrors disappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
When PHOEBUS mounts his early car,
The shrieking ghosts to their dark charnels flock ;
The full-gorg'd wolves retreat, no more
The prowling lionesses roar,
But hasten with their prey to some deep-cavern'd rock.

Hail

Hail then, ye friends of Reason hail,
 Ye foes to Myst'ry's odious veil,
 To Truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
 Where CLARKE and WOOLASTON reside,
 With LOCKE and NEWTON by their side,
 While PLATO sits above enthron'd in endless light.

ODE V.

To a GENTLEMAN upon his Travels thro' Italy...

WHILE I with fond officious care,
For you my chorded shell prepare;
And not unmindful frame an humble lay,
Where shall this verse my CYNTHIO find,
What scene of art now charms your mind,
Say, on what sacred spot of Roman ground you stray?

Perhaps you cull each valley's bloom,
To strew o'er VIRGIL's laurell'd tomb,
Whence oft at midnight echoing voices sound;
For at that hour of silence, there
The shades of ancient bards repair,
To join in choral song his hallow'd urn around:

Or wander in the cooling shade
Of Sabine bow'rs, where HORACE stray'd,
And oft' repeat in eager thought elate,
(As round in classic search you trace
With curious eye the pleasing place)
"That fount he lov'd, and there beneath that hill he fate."

How longs my raptur'd breast with you
Great RAPHAEL's magic strokes to view,
To whose blest hand each charm the Graces gave!
Whence each fair form with beauty glows
Like that of VENUS, when she rose
Naked in blushing charms from OCEAN's hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led
To smooth CLITUMNUS' banks you tread,
What awful thoughts his fabled waters raise!
While the low-thoughted swain, whose flock
Grazes around, from some steep rock
With vulgar disregard his mazy course surveys.

Now

Now thro' the ruin'd domes my Muse
 Your steps with eager flight pursues,
 That their cleft piles on TYBER's plains present,
 Among whose hollow-winding cells
 Forlorn and wild ROME's GENIUS dwells,
 His golden sceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to those mossy mould'ring walls,
 Those caverns dark, and silent halls,
 Let me repair by midnight's paly fires;
 There muse on Empire's fallen state,
 And frail Ambition's hapless fate,
 While more than mortal thoughts the solemn scene inspires.

What lust of pow'r from the cold North
 Could tempt those Vandal-robbers forth,
 Fair ITALY, thy vine-clad vales to waft?
 Whose hands profane, with hostile blade,
 Thy story'd temples dar'd invade,
 And all thy Parian seats of Attic art defac'd!
 D They

They, weeping ART in fetters bound,
 And gor'd her breast with many a wound,
 And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickest night;
 Sad POESY, much-injur'd maid,
 They drove to some dim convent's shade,
 And quench'd in gloomy mist her lamp's resplendent light.

There long she wept, to darkness doom'd,
 'Till COSMO's hand her light relum'd,
 That once again in lofty TASSO shone,
 Since has sweet SPENSER caught her fire,
 She breath'd once more in MILTON's lyre,
 And warm'd the soul divine of SHAKESPEAR, Fancy's son.

Not she, mild queen, will cease to smile
 On her BRITANNIA's much-lov'd isle,
 Where these her best, her favourite 'Three were born,
 While † THERON warbles Grecian strains,
 Or polish'd DODINGTON remains,
 The drooping train of arts to cherish and adorn.

ODE

† The author of the Pleasures of Imagination.

O D E VI.

Against DESPAIR.

F Arewell thou dimpled cherub Joy,
 Thou rose-crown'd, ever-smiling boy,
 Wont thy sister HOPE to lead
 To dance along the primrose mead !
 No more, bereft of happy hours,
 I seek thy lute-resounding bow'rs,
 But to yon' ruin'd tower repair,
 To meet the god of Groans, DESPAIR ;
 Who, on that ivy-darken'd ground,
 Still takes at eve his silent round,
 Or sits yon' new-made grave beside,
 Where lies a frantic suicide :
 While lab'ring sighs my heart-strings break,
 Thus to the sullen power I speak :

" Haste with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
 To pierce this sorrow-laden breast !

" Or lead me at the dead of night,
" To some sea-beat mountain's height,
" Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
" To the dark bosom of the deep;
" Or shew me far from human eye,
" Some cave to muse in, starve and die,
" No weeping friend or brother near,
" My last, fond, fault'ring words to hear!

'Twas thus with weight of woes oppress'd,
I sought to ease my bruised breast;
When straight more gloomy grew the shade,
And lo! a tall majestic maid
Her limbs, not delicately fair,
Robust, and of a martial air;
She bore of steel a polish'd shield,
Where highly-sculptur'd I beheld
Th' Athenian † martyr smiling stand,
The baleful goblet in his hand;

Sparkled

† Socrates.

Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
And PATIENCE was the Seraph's name;
Sternly she look'd, and stern began —
" Thy sorrows cease, complaining man,
" Rouze thy weak soul, appease thy moan,
" Soon are the clouds of sadness gone ;
" Tho' now in Grief's dark groves you walk,
" Where grieved fiends around you stalk,
" Beyond, a blissful city lies,
" Far from whose gates each anguish flies :
" Take thou this shield, which once of yore
" ULYSSES and ALCIDES wore,
" And which in later days I gave
" To REGULUS and RALBIGH brave,
" In exile or in dungeon drear
" Their mighty minds could banish fear ;
" Thy heart no tenfold woes shall feel,
" 'Twas VIRTUE temper'd the rough steel,
" And, by her heavenly fingers wrought,
" To me the precious present brought.

ODE

O D E VII.

To EVENING.

HAIL meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
 Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves,
 As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
 He jocund whistles thro' the twilight groves.

When PHOEBUS sinks behind the gilded hills,
 You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
 The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
 And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk:

'The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
 To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
 Return to trip in wanton evening-dance,
 Old SYLVAN too returns, and laughing PAN,

To

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
 Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene,
 And from the sheep-cotes, and fresh-furrow'd field,
 Stout plowmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
 His nibbling sheep and lengthening shadow spies,
 Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
 And with hoarse hummings of unnumber'd flies.

Now every passion sleeps ; desponding Love,
 And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;
 An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
 Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest EVENING, oft' let me appear
 A wandering votary in thy pensive train,
 List'ning to every wildly-warbling throat
 That fills with farewell notes the dark'ning plain.

ODE

O D E VIII.

The H A P P Y L I F E.

WELCOME CONTENT ! from roofs of fretted gold,
From Persian sofa's, and the gems of Ind,
From courts, and camps, and crouds,
Fled to my cottage mean !

Meek Virgin, wilt thou deign with me to sit
In pensive pleasure by my glimmering fire,
And with calm smile despise
The loud world's distant din ;

As from the piny mountain's topmost cliff,
Some wandering hermit sage hears unconcern'd,
Far in the vale below
The thund'ring torrent burst !

Teach

Teach me, good heaven, the gilded chains of vice
To break, to study independent ease,
Pride, pomp, and power to shun,
Those fatal Sirens fair,

That, rob'd like Eastern queens, sit on high thrones,
And beckoning every thirsty traveller,
Their baleful cups present
With pleasing poisons fraught.

O let me dwell in life's low valley, blest
With the dear Nymph I love, true, heart-felt joy,
With chosen friends to turn
The polish'd Attic page ;

Nor seldom, if nor Fortune damp my wings,
Nor dire Disease, to soar to Pindus' hill,
My hours, my soul devote,
To Poesy and Love !

O D E IX.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

O Thou, that to the moon-light vale
Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,

What time the village-murmurs cease,

And the still eye is hush'd to peace,

When now no busy sound is heard,

CONTEMPLATION'S favourite bird !

Chauntress of night, whose amorous song

First heard the tufted groves among,

Warns wanton MABBA to begin

Her revels on the circled green,

Whene'er by MEDITATION led

I nightly seek some distant mead,

A short repose of cares to find,
 And sooth my love-distracted mind,
 O fail not then, sweet PHILOMEL,
 Thy sadly-warbled woes to tell ;
 In sympathetic numbers join
 Thy pangs of luckless love with mine !

So may no swain's rude hand infest
 Thy tender young, and rob thy nest ;
 Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
 Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
 No more to visit vale or shade,
 Some barbarous virgin's captive made.

All nature feels her vital heat around,
 The pregnant globe now bursts with fruitful grain,
 With kindly warmth she opens the frozen ground,
 And with new life informs the teeming plain.

O D E X.

On the **SPRING.**

To a **L A D Y.**

L O! SPRING, array'd in primrose-colour'd robe,
Fresh beauties sheds on each enliven'd scene,
With show'rs and sunshine cheers the smiling globe,
And mantles hill and vale in glowing green.

All nature feels her vital heat around,
The pregnant glebe now bursts with foodful grain,
With kindly warmth she opes the frozen ground,
And with new life informs the teeming plain.

She

She calls the fishes from their ouzy beds,
 And animates the deep with genial love,
 She bids the herds bound sportive o'er the meads,
 And with glad songs awakes the joyous grove.

No more the glaring tiger roams for prey,
 All-powerful Love subdues his savage soul,
 To find his spotted mate he darts away,
 While gentler thoughts the thirst of blood controul.

But ah! while all is warmth and soft desire,
 While all around SPRING's chearful spirit own,
 You feel not, AMORET, her quickening fire,
 To SPRING's kind influence you a foe alone!

ODE

O D E XI.

To a LADY who hates the Country.

NOW SUMMER, daughter of the Sun,
O'er the gay fields comes dancing on,

And earth o'erflows with joys ;

Too long in routs and drawing-rooms,

The tasteless hours my fair consumes

'Midst folly, flattery, noise.

Come hear mild ZEPHYR bid the rose

Her balmy-breathing buds disclose,

Come hear the falling rill,

Observe the honey-loaded bee,

The beech-embower'd cottage see,

Beside yon' sloping hill.

By

By health awoke at early morn,
We'll brush sweet dew from every thorn,
And help unpen the fold;
Hence to yon' hollow oak we'll stray,
Where dwelt, as village-fables say,
An holy DRUID old.

Come wildly rove thro' desert dales,
To listen how lone nightingales
In liquid lays complain;
Adieu the tender, thrilling note,
That pants in MONTICELLI's throat,
And HANDEL's stronger strain.

" Infipid Pleasures these! you cry,
" Must I from dear Assemblies fly,
" To see rude peasants toil?
" For Opera's listen to a bird?
" Shall † SYNDNEY's fables be preferr'd
" To my sagacious * HOYLE?

† Arcadia.

* Alluding to those Ladies who have left their Novels and Romances
for the profound study of Mr. HOYLE's book on Whist.

O falsely fond of what seems great,
 Of purple pomp and robes of state,
 And all life's tinsel glare !
 Rather with humble violets bind,
 Or give to wanton in the wind
 Your length of sable hair.

Soon as you reach the rural shade,
 Will MIRTH, the sprightly mountain-maid,
 Your days and nights attend,
 She'll bring fantastic Sport and Song,
 Nor CUPID will be absent long,
 Your true ally and friend.

ODE

O D E XII.

On the Death of -----

NO more of mirth and rural joys,
 The gay description quickly cloys,
 In melting numbers, sadly flow,
 I tune my alter'd strings to woe;
 Attend, MELPOMENE, and with thee bring
 Thy tragic lute, EUPHRANOR's death to sing.

Fond wilt thou be his name to praise,
 For oft' thou heard'st his skilful lays;
 Isis for him soft tears has shed,
 She plac'd her ivy on his head;
 Chose him, strict judge, to rule with steady reigns
 The vigorous fancies of her listening swains.

F

With

With genius, wit, and science blest,
 Unshaken Honour arm'd his breast,
 Bade him, with virtuous courage wise,
 Malignant FORTUNE'S darts despise ;
 Him, ev'n black ENVY'S venom'd tongues commend,
 As Scholar, Pastor, Husband, Father, Friend.

For ever sacred, ever dear,
 O much-lov'd shade accept this tear ;
 Each night indulging pious woe,
 Fresh roses on thy tomb I strew,
 And wish for tender SPENSER'S moving verse,
 Warbled in broken sobs o'er SYDNEY'S herse ;

Let me to that deep cave resort,
 Where SORROW keeps her silent court,
 For ever wringing her pale hands,
 While dumb MISFORTUNE near her stands,
 With downcast eyes the CARES around her wait,
 And PITY sobbing sits before the gate.

Thus

Thus stretch'd upon his grave I sung,
 When strait my ears with murmur rung,
 A distant, deaf, and hollow sound
 Was heard in solemn whispers round ----

" Enough, dear Youth ! --- tho' wrapt in bliss above,
 " Well-pleas'd I listen to thy lays of love."

O D E XIII.

ON SHOOTING.

NYMPHS of the forests, that young oaks protect
From noxious blasts, and the blue thunder's dart,
O how securely might ye dwell

In Britain's peaceful shades

Far from grim wolves, or tiger's midnight roar,

Or crimson-crested serpent's hungry hiss,

But that our savage swains pollute

With murder your retreats !

How oft' your birds have undeserving bled,

Linnet, or warbling thrush, or moaning dove,

Pleasant, with gayly-glitt'ring wings,

Or early-mounting lark !

While

While in sweet converse in a round you sit
On the green turf, or in the woodbine-bower,

If chance the thund'ring Gun be heard,

To grotts and caves ye run,

Fearful as when LODONA fled from PAN,

Or DAPHNE panting from enamour'd SOL,

Or fair SABRINA to the flood

Her snowy beauties gave:

When will dread Man his Tyrannies forego,

When cease to bathe his barbarous hands in blood,

His subjects helpless, harmless, weak,

Delighting to destroy?

More pleasant far to shield their tender young

From churlish swains, that violate their nests,

And, wand'ring morn or eve, to hear

Their welcome to the Spring.

O D E XIV.

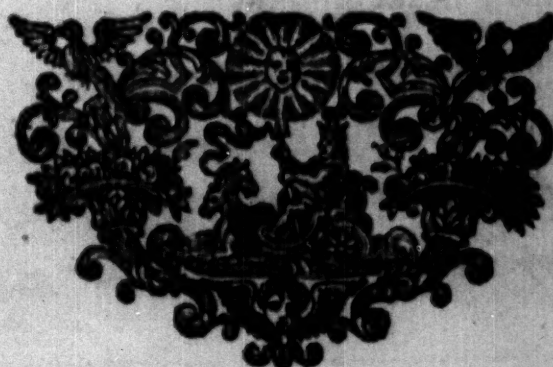
To SOLITUDE.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
 Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light,
 In robe of flowing black array'd,
 While cypress-leaves thy brows o'ershade;
 Lift'ning to the crowing cock,
 And the distant-sounding clock;
 Or sitting in thy cavern low,
 Do'st hear the bleak winds loudly blow,
 Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
 Or village maistiff's wakeful howl,
 While through thy melancholy room
 A dim lamp casts an awful gloom;
 Thou, that on the meadow green,
 Or daisy'd upland art not seen,

But

But wand'ring by the dusky nooks,
And the pensive-falling brooks,
Or near some rugged, herbleſs rock,
Where no ſhepherd keeps his flock !
Muſing maid, to thee I come,
Hating the tradeſul city's hum ;
O let me calmly dwell with thee,
From noiſy mirth and buſ'neſs free,
With meditation ſeek the ſkies,
This folly-fetter'd world deſpiſe !

F I N I S.



The wandering of the day
And the gentle falling leaves
Or near some tower, a shadowy
Where no shepherd keeps his flock
Musing me, to that I came,
Meeting the modest city's train;
O let me calmly dwell with ease
From noise, from care, and from all
With me, and let the world be
The following world be left

